ver the hands that are chining With the brightest of jewels agit ands where toll's stain never re To saily their tinting of snow—sad after bead dropping downws Bear pearls for the casket of Hes reathed for joys in the futur breathed for favors God-aiv "Ave Mar

Over the hands that are hardened
And rough with the toiling of years—
Hands that have done a stout battle
With hunger, and heart-sches, and fearsBeed after bead dropping downward
Breathe prayers full of hope and of trust,
From hearts toat through bitter temptatio.
Strove to thread in the paths of the just
Ave Maria."

Over the hands of the statesman,
Grown weary with guiding the pen—
In the framing of laws and commandments
For the guidance and bettering of men—
Bead after bead dropping downward.
Full freighted with pleadings for light,
Till the wnois world shall revel in beauty
That is born to the ruling of light.
"Ave Maria."

Over the hands of the beggar,
As he crouches alone by the way—
Drawing his regs closer around him,
Teaching his sad heart to pray—
Bead after bead dropping downward,
H s weary voice broken with sighs,
Claims he the sid of his mouner,
The merciful Queen of the skies,
"Ave Maria."

Over the hands of the hermit,
Hand away from earth's turmoil and jarWhen the light of the day has departed,
And brightly saines sev's silver star—
Bad after bead dropping dow; ward,
Tell each a sweet prayer for the world,
In the hour of its sorest templation,
'Neath the banner of darkness unjurled.
"Ave Maria."

With love in her heart from the Saviour, With peace in each line of her face, The mus. In her humble attle, Bends low to "our Lady of Grace;" And the beads from her white fingers drop ping em to me bright jewels of worth, the pure bride of Heaven kneels pleading

O Mother of God, who hast given
Thy oblidren this chaplet so fair,
Take to ou each and all of the pleaders
Close under thy sheliering care;
May each bead that is told in thy honor
Shine fair in the records of love,
And win for thy servant's sweet guerdon,
A home in the mansions above.
"Ave Maria."

OBLATES OF MARY.

IN THE BLEAK NORTHWEST WITH THE SAVAGES.

The bishop made arrangements to leave for Fort Good Hope on the 8th of January. The fathers divided their little stock of flour with his lordship. Had the good bishop been able to foresee what was going to happen, a few weeks after his departure, at Fort Good Hope and in the surrounding neighborhood, he would not have consented, pressing though his own wants were, to accept the few pounds of flour, the half of the scarty supply of the community given him by Father Grollier. Shortly after the bishop left the horrors of famine broke out with great intensity in the region of Fort Good Hope. Fishing and hunting failed and all supplies ran short. The Indians in their fierce hunger devoured everything that could hunger devoured everything that could be converted into food, even their very shoes, and the furs and skins they were preparing to dispose of to the factors. Horrible to relate, instances then occurred of fathers devouring their own children. Father Grollier makes men-tion in a letter to Dr. Grandin, which the latter received at Fort Norman, of a poor mother in whom the instin parental love were stronger than they were in her cruel and selfish husband. This poor woman's eldest boy was de voured by his inhuman father. She had to flee to a hiding place in the desert children to save

them from a similar fate.

The bishop's highway in traveling from Fort Good Hope to Fort Norman, was to be the frozen bed of the Mackenzie.

The frozen beds of rivers and lakes are the frozen bed of the Mackenzie. The frozen beds of rivers and lakes are almost the only roadways practicable in those regions for winter traveling. The actual distance that one has to traverse becomes enormously increased by the fact of these frozen rivers having to be followed in all their windings. The followed in all their windings. The followed in all their windings. The some convulsions have taken place, a roar and rush of waters are heard! The is an operation of nature which presents. freezing of the great rivers of the north is an operation of nature which presents many grand and surprising phenomena A long and hard battle takes place be tween the mighty and voluminous cur-rent and the fierce polar frost, before the latter finally conquers. Innumer-able icebergs invade the river, keeping their heads defiantly over the waters as they move on rapidly with its swift cur-rent. Gradually they become stationary, and present all manner of huge fantastic shapes on the trozen surface of the rivers' bed. Again the waters of the river, having been held in check for a time having been held in check for a time by the obstructions which the frost created, accumulate in great force, and at last sweep away, with terrific crash, the ice dams which had been impending their course. A vent being made in the rent ice the liberated waters rush forth with a roaring sound like thunder. The frozen surface of the river is then flo to a height of several feet. This surface water is assailed in its turn by the frost, and the great river becomes finally com-

pletely frozen over.

During the struggle between frost and current, the surface of the river takes the appearance, which it retains, of a hilly country. Great hummocks or hills of ice will sometimes be found extending from bank to bank blocking up the way. Sometimes the hummocks present slop-ing, sometimes precipitous sides, and travellers have not unfrequently to cut through them with ice axe or creep over them on hands and knees. The banks of the river, where least resistance is offered to the action of the frost, rise as offered to the action of the frost, rise es walls of solid ice, sometimes to the height of fifgeen feet. We mention these facts in order to give our readers an idea of the difficulties besetting the winter journeys of the missionary father. We shall find the good Bishop Grandin encountering similar and still greater difficulties in the course of that journey, which he resumes in the depth of an artic winter.

The bishop and his little party set out from Fort Good Hope in the following order. An Indian advanced at the head of the party, with an axe in hand, prepared to hew down any projecting pieces of ice that obstructed their way. The edge of the Mackenzie, near one of its banks, was chosen as their roadway as unevenness was not so near the banks as

in the centre of the river, where greater resistance was offered by the current to the frost. The bishop at a certain distance followed on foot. His lordship's task was to trample the snow and break such rough pieces of ice as lay on the tracks of the dogs that were drawing the iracks of the dogs that were drawing the bishop's baggage. Having pursued their dreary monotonous way from early soning till night approached, they halted to bivonac on the frozen bank. Whilst the Indians were preparing wood, his lordship engaged in preparing the place of encampment, by removing the snow with his anowshoes, which he used as a shovel. The cleared ground was then covered with brush-wood, over which some buffalc hides were spread. He undertook the task of cooking their supper on the first night of their journey, as he hoped to make their repast somewhat more dainty than usual, by aid of the flour he had received from Father Grollier. The Indians were contemplating with gusto the French culinary progress of the bishop, when the prospects of a good supper for the hungry party were literally dashed to the ground for that night, by a mound of loose earth rolling upon them, burying fire and caul dron with its savory contents under a mass of debris. Supperless, or almost so they had to lay their weary limbs upon their cold bed, with no shelter over their heads in the open air, on a polar night in the beginning of January. Pemmican is a dried buffalo flesh, prepared not always by a very cleanly process, by the Indians. Its taste at first is very loathsome to Europeans, but hunger and habit give relsh at last to this un-asvory food. The missionaries, for long periods at a time have frequently no other sort of food to live upon and they which was to least en or twelve days to which as a content of the sum upon the content of the sum upon their cold bed, with no shelter over their heads in the open air, on a polar night in the beginning of January. Pemmican is a dried buffalo flesh, prepared not always by a very cleanly process, by t to die. If the chieftain sends a siedge Indians. Its taste at first is very loadshaome to Europeans, but hunger and habit give relish at last to this unsavory food. The missionaries, for long periods at a time have frequently no other sort of food to live upon and they consider themselves fortunate if when upon their journeys, the supply of it does not run short. For ten weary days the bishop kept his place, walking on the frosen Mackenzie at the head of his team of dogs. The hardships of this long march upon the loe was beginning to tell very severely upon the devoted prelate, and his strength was 2radually being exhausted. On the evening of the tenth day's march, the party were approaching a very rugged and uneven portion of the Great Bear Lake, joins the Mackenzie on its way northward to the Arctic Occan. At this point where the two great rivers meet, the struggle between frost and flood was fiercest and most protracted. Proofs of the severity of the context lay scattered around in great abundance. The surface of the frozen river did not present there one smooth patch. It was broken up rinto all varieties of rugged shapes and forms. It was no longer possible for the poor dogs to draw their aledge; bravely they struggled but their raisedge; bravely they struggled but their raisedge; bravely they struggled but their raised and their shoulders with surface of the frozen river did not present there one smooth patch. It was broken up rinto all varieties of rugged shapes and forms. It was no longer to be priceed their leet, wounding them severely. The sledge and the sow shoes of the travellers were broken. The baggage and provisions, which they had fallen. In the meantime the bishop had been wandering alone in the darkness of the inght over the frozen river, which at the meantime the bishop had been wandering alone in the darkness of the inght over the frozen river, which at their leet, wounding them severely. The sledge and the sow shoes of the travellers were broken. The baggage and provisions, which they had fa ice has given way! The mighty flood has broke through it! To his borror he broke through it! To his borror he beholds a yawning gulf at his feet, out of beholds a yawning guit at his leet, out of which an angry torrent is rushing. The escaped waters rise to a considerable height around him on the frozen bed of the Mackenzie. He succeeds in gaining the summit of an leeberg. From iceberg to iceberg with superhuman affect by

the summit of an iceberg. From iceberg to iceberg, with superhuman effort he contrives to leap in flight from the advancing flood. At last he succeeds in reaching the river's bank at a point where it was fortunately accessible, and thus, through God's protection, his life is saved The ruins of old Fort Norman stood The ruins of old Fort Norman stood nigh to the spot upon which the Bishop and his party landed. This was fortunate, for they were spared much of the labor of preparing their encampment by being able to take refuge for the night within the roofless log wall of the old fort. Remembering that it was the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, the Bishop, before lying down to his needed rest. before lying down to his needed rest, recited by the light of the camp fire the office of that beautiful festival. He had invoked that day the Sacred Name of Jesus in the hour of danger, and now he recites a devout Te Deum for the deliverance obtained by him through the efficacy of that name. Two days' journey s-parated him from the mission of St. Teresa, Fort Norman. The last day of this journey was particularly trying.
He started on his way in the middle of
the night, in order to make sure of his
arrival at his destination that same day, it was the coldest day he had yet exper it was the coldest day he had yet experienced. He suffered much from fluxion of the eyes. The outflow from his eyes became icicles upon his face which caused him great torment. He arrived at Fort Norman on the 21st of January, and remained until the 8th of the following March. During his stay at Fort Norman his time was occupied in giving instructions to the Indians of that locality also in acting as schoolmaster to

fixed upon for opening a mission to cer tain tribes of the Mackenzie districts, fo whom a rendezvous had been fixed for that date at Providence, on the banks of the Mackenzie. We will allow Moneig-neur Grandin to give an account in his

neur Grandin to give an account in his own words, of the early trials and final success of the mission just spoken of:

"On the 23d of May some families arrived. I opened a mission the following morning, the Feast of Pentecost! made at first slow progress. The other Indians whom I expected had not arrived. It is true, that owing to the icebergs the river was not navigable; nevertheless, it appeared to me that with ess, it appeared to me that with nevertheless, it appeared to me that with a certain amount of good will on their part they could have maneged to come. I waited till the end of May, and finding those whom I had been expecting were not coming, I resolved to go forth myself in search of the wandering sheep of my fold. I was grieved at being driven to this expedient which after all might not succeed. After travelling several leagues succeed. After travelling several leagues
I met a large body of Indians; they were
on their way to the mission. They informed me that a still more numerous body were encamped at a soft distance; within the arms of a neighboring bay. They excused themselves for their delay in arriving at the place of the mission at the time that had been agreed upon, on the grounds of their being afraid of not being able to catch fish enough for their support in the neighborhoad of the mission at the standard of the standard of the mission at the standard of the standard of the standard of the mission at the standard of the stand being able to catch fish enough for their support in the neighborhood of the mission. They promised me to lose no time in hastening forward to the place of appointed rendezvous. I then went forward to the more numerous gathering that were encamped by the river. In going along 1 addressed earnest prayers to God, begging Him, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, to place upon my lips the very words most calculated to awake those poor savages from their apathy.

their apathy.
When I arrived at their encampmen When I arrived at their encampment they received me with great demonstrations of joy, and offered a variety of excuses for their delay in going to the mission. I assembled them together and commenced to sing with them one of our most stirring and devotional hymns. I then delivered a discourse to them of which the following is: instructions to the Indians of that locality also in acting as schoolmaster to their children whom he taught to read and write. At Fort Norman he was joined by his little sacristan, Beaulieu's grand-son from whom he had some months separated. On the 8th of March he set out for Fort Simpson. He suffered which the following is a summary:— wery much during the journey. His feet were covered with blisters, which were caused by the fine snow penetrating his of joy, and offered a variety of excuses for their delay in going to the mission. I assembled them together and commenced walking as rapidly as their exhausted state would permit, to restore circulation. A drowsiness in their fullest form. See what W.S. Muer, which the following is a summary:— "You say that you love me; why then did you delay in coming to meet me; I also love you and because of my love for you awaken. Had not the storm swept the struggle for life. He arose, with his companion, and commenced walking as rapidly as their exhausted state would permit, to restore circulation. A drowsiness in their fullest form. See what W.S. Muer, which he found it impossible to shake off, even with the blshop's aid. The latter knew that if the yreceived me with great demonstrations of pop, and offered a variety of excuses for their delay in going to the mission. I assembled them together and commenced walking as rapidly as their exhausted state would permit, to restore circulation. A drowsiness in their fullest form. See what W.S. Muer, Which he following is a summary:— "You say that you love me; why then did you delay in coming to meet me; I also love you and because of my love for you

I have come hither to dwell in your country. Ten years since I left my aget father, whose hair was as white as snow. I left him, although my leaving him nearly broke his heart, and it was also a sore grief to myself, for I felt deeply the paug of separation from him and from my sorrowing friends, whom I greatly loved. But they were all consoled and gladdened at the good new which afterwards I gave them, of my labors among the tribes of Athabaska and of Ile a la Crosse, who I told them listened to my words, and were leading a life that would conduct them to heaven. Whilst with them I heard of your miserable condition, and I said I would leave them in order to come hither to teach you how to save your sculs and get to heaven. I came here also because you asked me yourself to come. I have passed through great straits and suffering on your account, as my poor hands, they are covered with chilblains and gashes, caused by the cold, will show you. The white man will soon come here to seek your fure. I shall then have an opportunity of sending a letter to my sged father about you. But what consolation can I give him in speaking of your conduct. You say you are ignorant but why do you not come to me for instruction, when I am here only for the purpose of instructing you. You say I can do but little for your because I am unable to make you presents of tobacco. But of what use will tobacco be to you, if after smoking you lose your soul and go down to burn with the wicked spirits, because you did not learn to know and love Gold If you lose your souls, the blame will rest upon yourselves; I have done my duty towards you. An aged Indian then came forward as the spokesman of the tribe, to make a reply to my address. It is true my father, he said, we have spoken words which were not good, but what can you expect of us poor ignorant men? We seldom see a priest, and we are badly instructed; but our hearts are not as hard as our words. We are accustomed to get to-bacco from white men whenever we meet them. We were vexed and disap atructed; but our hearts are not as hard as our words. We are accustomed to get to-bacco from white men whenever we meet them. We were vexed and disappointed and spoke evil of you because you gave us none, but we will accompany you now and listen to your words, and be obedient to you. They kept their promise. From that day the mission became a great suc

Early in December 1863, Monselgueur Grandin, accompacied by his little sacristan, young Beaulieu, set out upon a journey across the frozen surface of the Great Slave Lake. This lake might be called an inland sea, so wast are its dimensions. Its extreme length is 350 miles, with a proportionate width. They had for companions two young officers of the Hudson Bay company, who had engaged the services of an Indian guide. Bishop Grandin was suffering from a wound he had received in the right foot from a splinter of sharp ice. He endeavored to keep pace during the greater part of the day with his more active fellow-travellers, but as he was continually renewing the wound by striking his foot afresh against rough ice fragments, it became more difficult for him to walk. The young officers and their guide got far ahead of the bishop and his companion. His lordship and young Beaulieu followed carefully in the track left in the snow by the party in advance, and thus for the time escaped the danger of losing themselves in the wilderness of ice, through which they were journeying, without a guide or a land mark to direct them. As the bishop and the little boy were walking slowly at the head of their team of dogs, the sky became suddenly overcast, and a snow hurricane burst in all its fury at once upon them. Every particle of snow was lifted, by the violence of the storm, from the frozen bed of the lake. The track which they had been pursuing Early in December 1863. Monseigneur snow was lifted, by the violence of the storm, from the frozen bed of the lake. The track which they had been pursuing was thus completely effaced; the snow-flakes which were falling heavily, mixing with the clouds of snow which were being raised by the fury of the tempest from with the clouds of snow which were being raised by the fury of the tempest from the lake, completely darkened the air, and prevented them from seeing any object around them. To add to the horror of the scene, night set in. The cold of that night was intense enough to freeze marging it was 70 degrees below freezing.

mercury; it was 70 degrees below freezing point. For a considerable while the bis nop and his youthful companion wandered about, seeking in vain for an issue from the labyrinth of ice in which they were lost. They sought to peer into space in search of some object that would guide them to a place of safety, but to no purpose. It sometimes, amidst the fitful guest of the tempest, the veil of darkness was lifted momentarily from the seems gusts of the tempest, the veil of darkness was lifted momentarily from the scene before them, they could perceive nothing but boundless plains of ice everywhere, from borizon to horizon. They listened for sound of human voice, and only heard the shrieks of the storm. They called aloud for help, but their cries remained unanswered. Further advance was useless, as they were only getting more completely bewildered as to the direction they ought to follow. By remaining stationary without fire or shelter on the frozen lake, they would be exposing themselves to the certain danger of ing themselves to the certain danger of being frozen to death. Therefore did being frozen to death. Therefore did they keep themselves in motion, until sheer exhaustion, cold and hunger com bined, forced them to stand still. The bishop felt them then persuaded that his last hour, and that of his little companion, was at hand. He keelt down and pre-pared himself to death. He offered his life to God for the conversion of those poor psgans, whose salvation he was then seeking to promote. He heard the confession of the poor boy who had been his faithful associate in many of his most try-ing rardships, and gently but earnestly exing hardships, and gently but earnestly exhorted him to prepare to offer his young life to God. Having gone through this first duty, that of preparing for death, they lay down together upon theice, leaning their heads upon their sledge, and resigned themselves into the hands of God. The poor dogs howled mournfully from cold and hunger. His lordship and the little boy remained stretched for some time upon the ice. The chillness of death was gaining rapidly upon them. The bishop felt inspired to make one further struggle for life. He arose, with his companion, and commenced walking as rapidly as their exhausted state would permit, to restore circulation. A drowsiness seized upon the poor boy, which he found it impossible to shake off, even with the bishop's aid. The latter knew that if the poor youth was allowed to fall asleep

snow from the lake, they could have made a bed for themselves in some snow-drift, and thus found some sort of rest and shelter. A kindly Providence at last came to their help, a snow-drift was un-expectedly discovered.

THE PRIEST AT THE SICK BED.

Many beautiful things have been written by Protestants as well as Catholic writters upon the happy influence of the priest at the bedside of the sick and dying. The former do not fathom the real source of this influence, as they fail to perceive that its powers flow from the sacraments and sacraments of which he is the minister and through which the most wonderful divine graces are conveyed to the soul. To the Protestant the priest appears to be an ideal minister of comfort and counsel. To a Catholic he is all that and very much more. Still the present feelings be an ideal minister of comfort and counsel. To a Catholic he is all that and very much more. Still the present feelings of Protestants on this point is in advance of the practice they observed in former times. It is rather a modern Protestant doctrine that the sick and dying should receive apiritual assistance. And even now certain classes of Protestants, notably physicians, ignore spiritual aid and they would exclude the priest even from the Catholic bedside at the time when a slone can soothe the pertur-bed spirit and pour the balm of salvation upon the wounds of the soul. The following extract, apropos of this subject, is from the pen of one of the justly celebrated writers of our day, Dr. Oliver Wendel Holmes. He ranks high as physician, poet, novelist and philosopher, and though impregnated with the virus of New Eugland transcendentalism, his views are eminently practical and those of a man of the world. The extract is from his work, Elice Venner. The girl is dying, and the words express the thoughts of the attending physician, which are naturally those of the distinguished author:

"The old doctor knaw he sad experience."

"The old doctor knew by sad experience that dreadful mistake against which all medical practitioners should be warned. medical practitioners should be warned. His experience may well be a guide for others. Do not overlook the desire for spiritual advice and consolation which patients sometimes feel, and, which the frightful mauvaise honte peculiar to Protestantism, alone among all human beliefs, is ashamed to tell. As a part of medical treatment, it is the physician's business to detect the hidden longing for food of the soul as much as for any form of bodily nourishment. Especially in higher walks of society, where this unutterably miserably false shame of Protestantism acts in proportion to general acuteness of the cultivated sensibilities, let no unwilling ness to suggest the sick person's real need suffer him to languish between his want and his morbid sensitivenees. What an infinite advantage the Mussulmans and Catholies have over many of our more exclusively spiritual sects in the way they keep their religion always by them and never blush for it! And besides this spiritual longing, we should never forget that,

'On some fond breast the parting soul relies.'

'On some fond breast the parting soul relies. and the minister of religion, in addition to the sympathetic nature which we have a right to demand in him, has trained himself to the att of entering into the feelings of others.

Points of a Rosary Sermon.

From the N. V. Weekly Halon From the N. Y. Weekly Union.

Last Sunday the editor of the Union being called to D inbury to lecture for the temperance cause, had the privilege of hearing a very timely and instructive sermon from the Rev. pastor of St. Peter's Church, the Rev. H. J. Lynch. The following points of it may be of interest and of value to Catholics this month. We ask the indulgence of the reverend preacher, as these notes of his sermon we venture to give from memory.

Sunday with distinction. The rosary was the most beautiful of prayers. St Camil lus was once approached by a hod carrier who asked the saint to give him the secret so that he, too, might become a saint. The saint gave him the beads asying, "this is the infallible recipe; say the rosary every day and you will be a saint."

The man did so. How long did it take him to become a saint?

him to become a saint? Three months. He was killed by an accident and God revealed to St. Camillus that he was in neaven and miracles were performed at

heaven and miracies were performed at his grave.
When saying the rosarv remember it must be said properly. Meditate on the divine mysteries. You may say meditation is only for the high, the cultivated.
This is a mistake; meditation is for all of all of all of the control of the high these features. us; it is the exercise of the three faculties of our souls, understanding, memory and

St. Bonaventure tells us in his writings that the only book he ever read was the crucifix. He is to-day one of the great doctors of

the Church.

How beautiful, how simple is the little

rosary which contains so much! Alas, how it is neglected. Take for example the five sorrowful

mysteries. First, the Agony in the Garden: how can we meditate on this without being drawn nearer to God. And so with all the other mysteries. The reverend preacher touched feelingly on each mys-tery and the congregation was deeply moved. He went on to state that this devotion

was the most beautiful in the Church, and is within the reach of great and humble, ich and poor. Remember that St. Teresa says: a revelation was made to her, that whoever says the rosary will never

"In the rossry," said the preacher in conclusion, "I give to you, as St. Camillus said, the infallible recipe for becoming a saint."

A LEGEND OF THE "MAGNIFICAT."

In days long ago, in the "Ages of Faith," there stood in a wooded valley an old gray monastery. Here for many long years had the brethren dwelt, praying much and laboring hard. Most or them were old, and at last it came about that not one of them could sing. So the Father Abbot decreed that many parts of the Office that were generally sung should henceforth be recited only. One exception, however he made.

"We must, my brethren." he said "always sing the Magnificat. We must do our best; for we cannot content ourselves with only saying Our Lady's song."

So every day at Vespers the Magnificat was sung—If such a word could rightly be applied to the discordant sounds that arose from the voices—some cracked, some tuncless, and all feeble—of the brethren. The birds outside were frightened, and fled away. The brethren knew this, but in all humility of heart sang on. It was Father Abbot's wish: they had only to obey.

obey.

And this lasted for years. But one Christmas Eve a young man came to the monastery door and offered himself as a postulant. It turned out that among his postulant. It turned out that among his qualifications was that of a good voice, The monks bade him sing, and loud and clear there rose up the sound of a peerless

tenor.
The monks were enraptured. "Now," The monks were enraptured. "Now," they said joyfully, "the Magnificat will be sung as it should be." So they admitted the candidate, and at Vespers that very evening there rose up a Magnificat from the monastery choir such as the monks thought might have been sung by a seraph.

The birds came flying back to listen. The monks were too much absorbed in prayer and praise to see the look of self-complacency on the young man's focus prayer and praise to see the look of self-complacency on the young man's face; and they could not, of course, read his thoughts, which ran: "What a gain I shall be to this community—the only one who can sing! I shall get on well! How sweet is my voice! How they are all admiring it!"

The night drew on and the monks were

the Magnificat. The birds fled away again, but Jesus heard in Heaven His Mother's song.

TEMPLES OF THE LIVING GOD.

sge, and proudly cherished by the Catholic, to make sacrifices of wordly possessions that the church may become a suitable temple of the living God. There is no test so convincing of the complete decadence of the spiritual life as the tendency power and as a convincing of the spiritual life.

If there were no higher influence actu-ating Catholic generosity than the dry calculation of fiance, our churches would become mere conventicles, or shelters for assemblies of men and women. Nor is it surprising that he, who throws aside the Eucharistic presence, should sat if it Eucharistic presence, should ask if it were not foolish to sink into Churches such an abundance of wealth. Take away the Real Presence and the query has no intelligent answer, for that alone spiritualizes the church, in the sense that it makes of it compatible divine and theory, into it of it something divine, and throws into it the real indwelling of God himself.— Oatho-

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure's a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressing feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

Serone I hold my hands and wait Mor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea; I rave no more gainst time nor fate, For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste. I make delays, For what avails this eager pace : I stand - mid the eternal ways, And what is mine shark know my face.

What matter it I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years; My heart shall reap where it has sown, and gather up its fruits and tears.

The waters know their own and draw The brook that springs on youder he sodiows the good with equal law Unto the soul of pure enight.

AFRAID OF CONFESSION.

On September 15th, 1871, Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, commissioned Father Drumgoole, who for many years had entertained the desire of laboring for the salvation of homeless and destitute children, to establish a mission for this purpose. The St. Vincent of Paul Society transferred to him St. Vincent's Lodging House, 53 Warren street, New York, as a "Home for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Boya." The number of boys increased so rapidly that Father Drumgoole found it necessary to rent the adjoining premises, and in the course of time had to erect the large and commodious institution, now known as the "Mission

had to erect the large and commodions institution, now known as the "Mission of the Immaculate Conception," corner of Lafsyette place and Great Jones street, and to convert three farms on Staten Itland, amounting to 600 acres, to the purposes of the mission.

On the occasion of his first Christmas at St. Vincent's Lodging House, Father Drumgoole gave a retreat to all the boys, and extended an invitation to other poor boys in the neighborhood, who had not made their First Communion. The retreat commenced two weeks before Christmas. Besides the instruction was given after supper every evening. A portion of the time was spent in explanation of the Catechism. The boys were all willing to listen to the instructions, but they had a terrible abhorrence of confession. Father Drumgoole, in illustration of the chief the life in the property of the same of the confession.

It is a tradition, made estimable og its

now-adays to gauge religion by the avaricious cry of "Will it pay."

Since the beginning of the new dispensation, humility has become more expansive. It has labored to extend its goodness in more beneficent forms, because now in line with the Examplar of the new life.

life.
In earlier centuries, wealth was by no means so diffused nor so extensive. It is only within our age that it has assumed enormous proportions. It might then be turies of the past for all our models of Church architecture? If nations and people can be estimated by their public monuments, we must take the church and minister for the criterion of former ages, and the Stock Exchange and palatial club-

and the Stock Exchange and palatial clubhouse for the criterion of ours.

From the ages that were Catholic, comes
to us the tradition of building up temples
to God with generous gift and noble sacrifice. Nor has the tradition broken its
serial links, wherever the faith has its
strength. The generosity that could give
to Catholic genius the means of perpetuating in stone and marble the maestro's nating in stone and marble the mar conception of a temple suitable for God, still survives and continues its vitelity in the innumerable beautiful churches that dot our fair land.

ic Home Journal.

My Own Shall Come.

Asleep, awake, by night or day, The friends I seek are seeking me; Nor wind can drive my bark astray Nor change the tide of destiny.

The flower nodding in the wind Is ready plighted to the bee; And, maiden, why that look unkind! For loi thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the ses;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

-John Burroughs, in Christian Nation.

rence of confession. Father Drumgoole, in illustration of this, and of the difficul ties he had first to encounter, relates the following incidents:

following incidents:

The first evening of the retreat approached for confessions, I told the boys that I would meet them in the lecture room after supper, and give them a short instruction. But knowing how afraid they were of confession, I placed myself outside of the dining-room door while they were at supper; for I had heard from some of the better disposed boys that some among the larger boys were determined to leave the house that night, rather than go to confession. True enough, rather than go to confession. True enough, as soon as supper was over some of the larger ones rushed out of the room, and pulling their caps from under their coats, were making for the door, when I met them. Pretending not to know what they were about, I told them I was delighted to see them so enger to go to confession, and congratulated them on the good example they were showing the little boys. They made various excuest to get out for a few moments, but I told them that I would not delay them long, and that they would have plenty of time after confession. Then, taking by the hand the largest of the boys, who had been leader, I led him towards the confessional. He appeared to shudder at the idea, but I rather than go to confession. True enough He appeared to shudder at the idea, but I encouraged him by some kind words, and said: 'If you don't want to go to confession, come in and have a conversation with me which may prepare you for the Sarryment'. 'Well I'll at her Early the least of the sarryment'. He entered the confessional, taid he. He entered the confessional.

After I had put on my surplice and stole,
he became quite nervous; and when told to say three Hail Marys to ask grace from to make a good confession, he united with me in saying them fervently, I then said to him, 'You have fought a great battle for salvation to night, and won a victory which, I hope, will insure the joys that

you have before you; you do not know the victory you have won over the devil the victory you have won over the devil to hight. I am the son of a rich man. Nine months ago there was a mission in our parieb. My parents requested me to attend, but I positively refused. My sisters tried all they could to persuade me to attend; my good mother even knelt to me to beg me to go, but I was determined to go to hell rather than go to confession. My father then told me I could take my choice, either to leave the house that night forever, or attend the mission. I left the forever, or attend the mission. I left the house and stole my passage to this coun-try, and two months ago I became an immate of your bouse, but was determined I have received grace from God, and I wish
now to confess my sins to you.' After he
had finished his confession I requested him
to the around all the propriet o stay around all the evening, and as he been a leader in the revolt, to be a leader now in bringing others to confession. He left the confessional with tears of joy streaming from his eyes. The other larger boys gathered around him, and wanted to how what was the matter. After explaining to them what had taken place, and the joy that now filled his heart, he triged them to share his happiness by going to confession. They all went, and even vied with each other who should go first at 11 o'clock he came to my confessional, his avec still filled with terms. his eyes still filled with tears, and said: 'Father, they have all been heard; not one has falled to come.' Certainly, that was one of the happiest hours of my life. From at on I felt convinced that my mission of the protection of homeless and desti-ate boys would not be in vain.'

bursting into vehement weeping, he exclaimed: 'Father, you do not know whom

"A few days after, on Christmas Eve, one of the larger boys, about seventeen years of age, rushed into my room with a countenance expressive of grief and horor. He was one of those who were pre-aring for First Communion. Bursting to tears, he handed me a letter, saying: ther, read that.' It was a letter written lis mother in answer to one written ting

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